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# NEW YORK JOURNAL

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D. 5,387.

Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.—NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1897.—12 PAGES.

PRICE ONE CENT In Greater New York, Elsewhere 10 CTS. and Jersey City, 1 TWO CTS.

## ED BY A ROCK IN A RISING TIDE.

They Broke a Girl's Ankle  
Before They Could  
Save Her.

STONE HELD HER FOOT.

The Incoming Water Had  
Nearly Covered Her When  
Rescuers Arrived.

YOUNG BROTHER A HERO.

By Repeatedly Diving and Buoy-  
ing Her Up He Saved  
His Sister.

SHE WAS COOL AND DIRECTED HIM

Miss Lillian Roeder May, However, Lose  
Her Leg as the Result of the Ac-  
cident That Befell Her  
in Jersey Waters.

Miss Lillian Roeder, a handsome young  
woman of Jersey City, and a fine swimmer,  
was pinioned to the bottom of New York  
Bay by a big boulder yesterday. The rock,  
falling, caught her left ankle and held her  
immovable in four feet of water. The tide  
was rising. In that position of deadly



Lillian Roeder, Whose Ankle Was Broken to Save Her Life.

peril Miss Roeder kept her presence of  
mind, although she was suffering intensely.  
But her own efforts and all the strength  
of her brother Charles could not release  
her. Higher and higher rose the tide, so  
that her brother, supporting Miss Lillian,  
could scarcely keep her head above water.  
When help finally came it was necessary to  
break the brave girl's leg to save her from  
certain death by drowning. Her ankle was  
broken, her foot had been crushed by the  
stone's weight, and it may be necessary to  
amputate her leg.  
Miss Lillian, the daughter of Frederick  
Roeder, lives on Ocean avenue, near  
Dwight street, Jersey City. She has many  
admirers in Greenville, and she is devoted  
to athletic sports, being a fine skater and  
an expert wheelwoman. Her brother  
Charles, who behaved so heroically, is an  
athlete, too. He is one of the crew of C.  
D. McGeehan's yacht Ensign.  
Miss Lillian, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Clara  
Roeder, and Charles Roeder, left their  
home to go sailing at 10 o'clock yesterday  
morning. They could not find a boat and  
decided to pass the day in crab fishing.  
They got nets and lines and went to  
Howe's Wharf, at the foot of Chapel ave-  
nue, in the Greenville district of Jersey  
City.  
A Loose Stone Gave Way.  
For an hour or more they fished, the  
brother sitting close to the sister and Mrs.  
Roeder sitting some feet away. A large  
crab got in Miss Roeder's net and in try-  
ing to land him she leaned far over the  
side of the rocky pier. The loose stone on  
which she sat gave way and in trying  
to save his sister, young Roeder pitched  
into the water with the girl. The water  
was four feet deep at the time and the  
tide was coming in fast.  
Miss Roeder and her brother are both ex-  
cellent swimmers. Her clothes were  
ruined, but they laughed at their ducking.  
For several minutes they swam about.  
"Give us a hand and help us up," Roeder  
shouted then to the sister-in-law.  
Mrs. Roeder leaned forward to give the  
boy her hand, but the rocks on the top of  
the wharf became loose under her weight.  
Fearing she, too, would fall into the water,  
she cried to the boy to climb up the sides  
and then to help his sister. Miss Roeder  
was standing close to his brother's side  
when he began making the ascent. With

## ECCLES'S PICTURE DID IT.

Child Dropped It and a Revelation of  
Alleged Bigamy Strangely  
Resulted.

An odd revelation of alleged bigamy be-  
came public known in Paterson, N. J.,  
yesterday. The story runs that Miss Maggie  
Mills, who, two months ago, married a  
dapper silk weaver and became Mrs. Ernest  
Eccles, was recently leaving the house of  
a friend on Beech street, that city, when  
a child ran out from the apartments on the  
first floor and dropped an album which she  
carried, and a man's picture fell to the  
floor.  
"Why, that's my Ernest!" cried Mrs.  
Eccles.  
"That's my husband!" declared a woman  
who had run out after the child.  
Explanation followed, and the young  
bride was told that her husband left a  
wife and child behind him in England, and  
that they had followed him to Paterson.  
Eccles, apparently having learned the de-  
velopment, has disappeared, and is  
thought to have sailed for England.

## GIRL KNOWS NOT PAIN.

She Freely Allows Doctors to Pierce  
Her Arms and Legs with  
Hat Pins.

Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 15.—Miss Eva-  
tina Yarde, twenty-six years old, appeared  
in the office of Dr. Byrnes, of this city, and  
allowed several doctors to pierce any por-  
tion of her body with a hat pin.  
She felt no pain, and even when a trocar  
was passed through her cheek, she was not  
discommoded and no blood flowed. She is  
apparently in good health.  
A hat pin was thrust through her cheeks  
and, telegraph needles and still she used her  
arm freely.

## PERRY HEATH HURT.

Assistant Postmaster-General Dragged  
and Severely Injured by a  
Train in Indiana.

Washington, Aug. 15.—Word reached here  
to-night that Perry Heath, Assistant Post-  
master-General, was severely injured at  
Union City, Ind., by falling and being  
dragged while attempting to board a train  
at that place.

## PISTOL BATTLE WITH A BURGLAR.

Murderous Thief Fired at the  
Shieblers as They Lay  
in Bed.

SET THE BEDCLOTHES AFIRE

Residence of the Rich Silver-  
smith Rang with the Ex-  
change of Shots.

ESCAPED IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE.

Being a Brooklyn Burglar, This Gentle-  
man Set to Work at 11 o'clock.  
A Previous Attempt Was  
Successful.

A murderous burglar broke into Andrew  
K. Shiebler's handsome house, No. 278  
Berkeley place, Brooklyn, last night. This  
burglar believes in getting to work early,  
for he entered the house at 11 o'clock.

He awoke Mr. Shiebler's son and  
nephew, and, finding that he was dis-  
covered, fired twice at the young men as  
they lay in bed. So close was the range,  
so deadly his aim, that his pistol's flash set  
afire the night clothes of one of the Shieblers.

The young men sprang from bed, seized  
pistols and returned the burglar's fire. But  
he escaped, and with him an accomplice,  
who kept watch without the house. The  
popping of pistols at that hour in that  
neighborhood caused the greatest excite-  
ment, which was shared by many wheel-  
men, who were passing on their way home.

The Shieblers are a family of well-known  
and wealthy jewelers and silversmiths.  
Andrew K. Shiebler is a manufacturer of  
watch cases at No. 21 Maiden lane, this  
city. His house, built in the old colonial  
style, is one of the finest in Brooklyn, and  
stands in a most fashionable vicinage, near  
Prospect park.

Mr. Shiebler's son, J. B. D. Shiebler, and  
his nephew, A. M. Shiebler, retired early  
last night in a rear room on the second  
floor of this house. Every one else in the  
house was in bed, although many people  
in the houses around had not yet retired,  
and some were still wooing the breeze on  
their front stoops. On the streets near-by  
were many bicyclists returning from Pros-  
pect park.

The two Shieblers had been asleep but a  
little while when they were awakened by  
a noise in their room. At the foot of their  
bed stood a stranger, the burglar, who was  
leaning toward them to make sure whether  
they slept or were awake. He did make  
sure, and, drawing a pistol, fired first at  
one, then at the other, as they jumped  
from the bed. The burglar's pistol flash  
set fire to the night clothes of one; his bul-  
lets were imbedded in the headboard of  
the bed.

Only three months ago this house was  
robbed of \$3,000 worth of jewelry and sil-  
verware. So, since then, the Shieblers have  
kept pistols handy. The two young men  
grabbed their pistols last night, and fired  
where they thought their murderous burg-

lar ought to be, where they hoped he would  
be. The room was filled with powder  
smoke. When the smoke cleared away, the  
burglar had disappeared.

Of course every one in the house and  
every one in the houses around was  
alarmed by the exchange of shots. A  
patrol gathered. Sergeant Higgins, of the  
Prospect park police, and a dozen other  
police, blue-coated and gray-coated,  
came running up and surrounded the Shie-  
bler house.

But the burglar had escaped. A small  
window in the kitchen was open, and  
through it he had entered and made his  
way out. Some of the neighbors, startled  
by the fusillade, said they saw two men  
run from the Shiebler house into Prospect  
park. So the police concluded that this  
fellow who shot to kill had an accomplice  
on watch outside.

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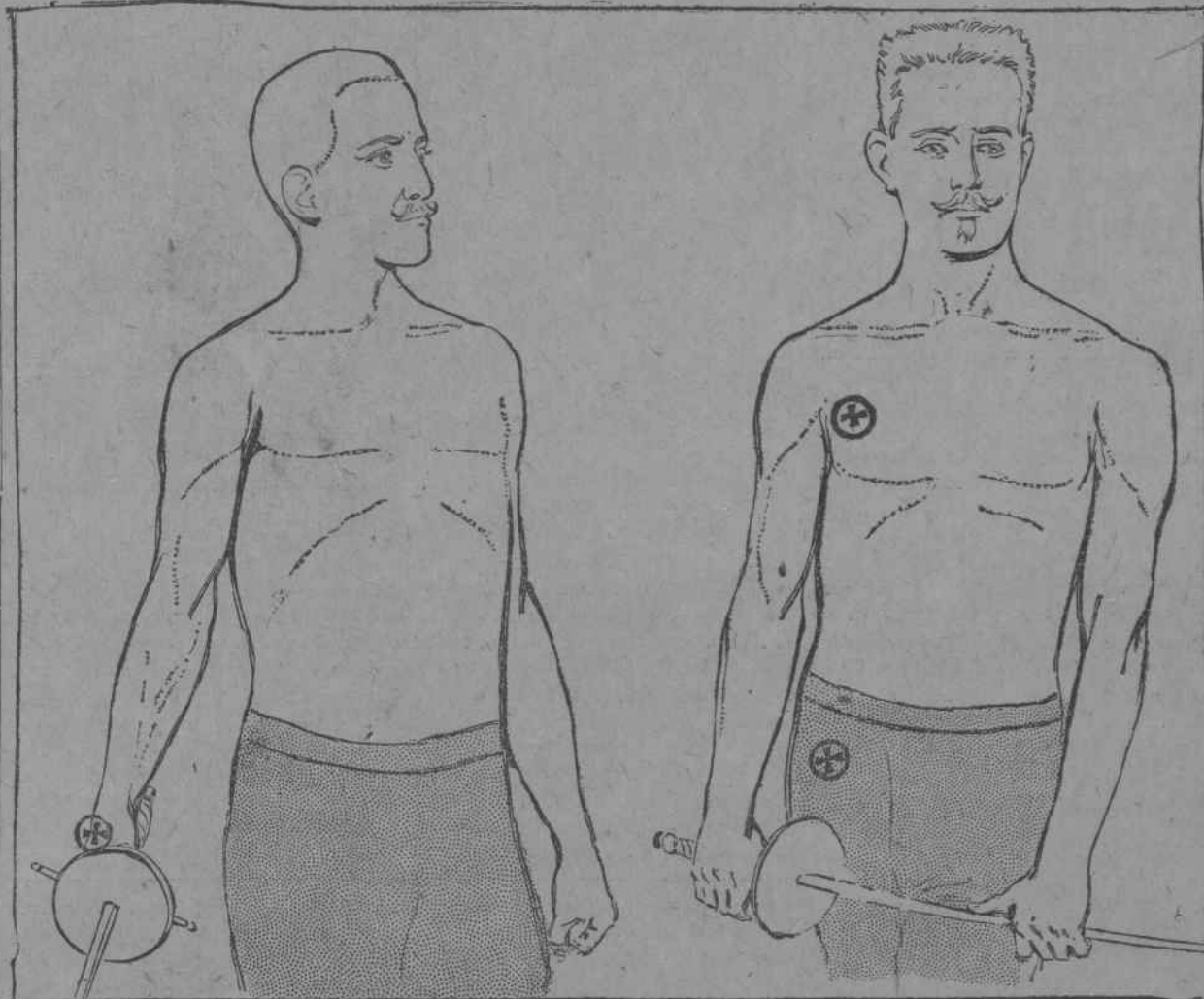
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## THE TWO PRINCES FIGHT AT LAST.



The Wounds Received by the Notable Duellists.

In the first encounter Prince Henri was slightly wounded in the right breast. He succeeded in the third encounter in touching the Count of Turin on the back of the right hand. In the fifth and last encounter Prince Henri received a wound in the right lower region of the abdomen. By this wound he was adjudged inferior to his adversary.

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## KILLED BY CUCUMBERS.

Carrie Taylor, a Fifteen-year-old Mount  
Vernon Girl Dies An Hour After  
Eating Them.

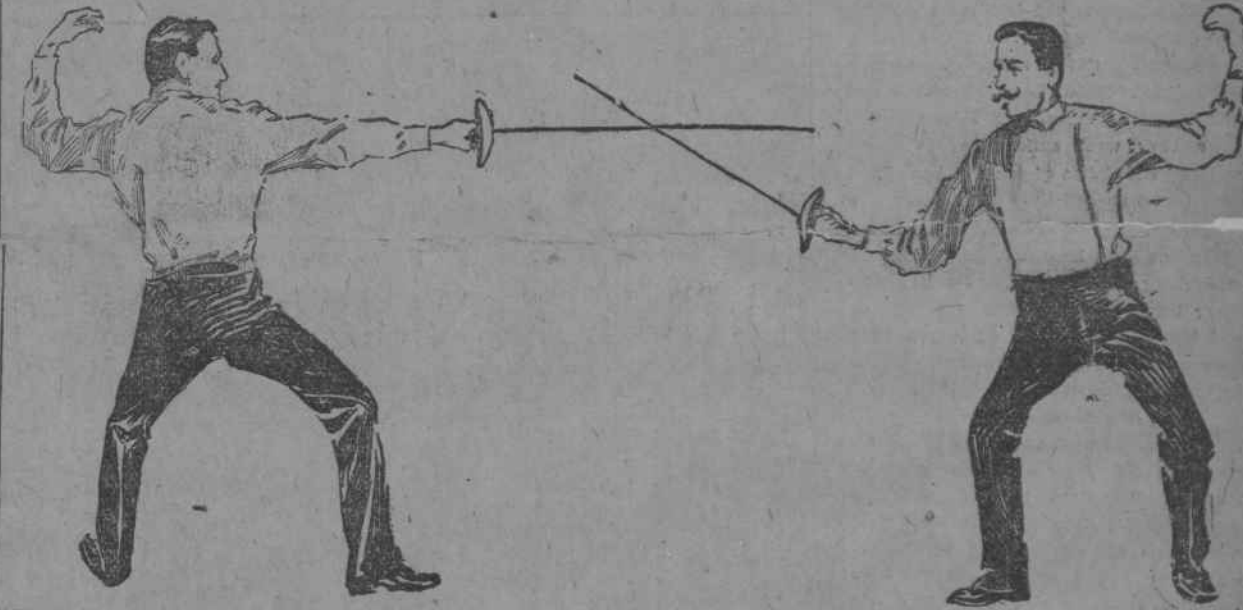
Carrie Taylor, a fifteen-year-old Mount  
Vernon girl, died yesterday morning, one  
hour after eating a dish of cucumbers. She  
lived with her stepfather, James Vandercor,  
at No. 27 Monroe street. Miss Taylor was  
apparently in the best of health. At break-  
fast she ate heartily of the fruit. Immedi-  
ately afterward she was seized with se-  
vere cramps.

Her stepfather did not call a doctor, but  
gave the girl household remedies. The  
medicine failed to help her, and she died  
one hour later in great agony. Coroner A.  
F. Banning had Drs. Nutting and Weiss  
perform an autopsy. Their decision was  
that the girl had died of ptomaine poison-  
ing. The doctors are of the opinion that  
the cucumbers were old and had not been  
soaked in salt water.

## SHE WILL MARRY IN ENGLAND.

Daughter of a Wealthy Californian to  
Wed in Eaton Square.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)  
London, Aug. 15.—At St. Peter's,  
Eaton square, next Wednesday, George  
Thomson Jenkins, eldest son of J. Jenkins,  
of Wynclef, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, will  
marry Mrs. Ella Frances Kellogg Gilroy,  
of Thurlow Cottage, Hastings.  
She is the only child of C. Whitwood  
Kellogg, of Thurlow Park, San Mateo  
County, California.



First Position of the French and Italian Duellists.

Drawn from poses by M. Martin Capdevielle, assistant master-at-arms of the Fencers' Club, and a member of  
the Journal staff.

The Count of Turin being accustomed to the use of the Italian duelling sword, which has a crossbar over  
which the first two fingers are gripped, and Prince Henri being accustomed to the use of the French duelling  
sword, which is gripped in another way, each combatant was permitted to use the weapon of his own country.  
The swords were exactly alike save for the difference in the hilt. It will be observed that the Count of Turin  
stands on guard with his sword arm straightened, after the Italian fashion, while Prince Henri's arm is bent,  
according to the French school.

## FLIGHT OF FELTS NOT ON THE WING.

Human Condor Trod Down  
Pike's Peak on the  
Wagon Road.

Colorado Springs, Col., Aug. 15.—Felts  
has fled, not flown. His flight was not  
aerial. He has gone, but not on "tireless  
wings that beat the air." His sturdy feet  
carried him down the facile descent of  
Pike's Peak, and the disappointed populace  
shout "Averna!" in words of one syllable.  
Felts is no human condor. He is a good  
pedestrian, who knows when to get out of  
the way of a company of miners and elf  
cattlemen on horseback. This morning two  
hundred mounted men from Cripple Creek  
rode up the steep grade to the snowy peak.  
From Colorado Springs another hundred  
made the ascent. On the apex were the  
giant wings, but there was no man to wear  
them.

Then came inquiries and quest for Felts,  
the man who had promised to soar over  
the great abyssal Valley of the Storms,  
where snows have lain for all the centuries,  
and where snows will be "until time shall  
rob eternity of the dross of years." The  
inquiries were not answered, and the quest  
was vain. Felts had fled. The three  
hundred men on horseback came into con-  
sultation and finally reached the conclu-  
sion that, during the night, Felts had pro-  
bably walked down the mountainside by  
wagon road, not by the abyssal Valley  
of the Storms, nor yet by the Canon of  
the Clouds.

They Found the Wings.  
Bereft of the hope of gazing upon the  
flight of a human condor, their six hundred  
eyes to represent the gaze of all the people  
of all the world, the three hundred men  
gave their attention to the wings that lay  
perched on the mountain side. They were  
exciting part of body of the condor. The  
investigators found the wings to be made  
of canvas stretched over a wooden frame.  
A scientific servant of the Government,  
hired to appraise weather from an altitude,  
spoke learnedly of aeroplanes, sustaining  
power and resistance of the air. He said  
that these wings are two rigid aeroplanes,  
the two having a "spread" of 112 square  
feet. From the point of junction of the  
two aeroplanes hangs a cap, intended for

the departed Mr. Felts and still unoccupied.  
The wings resemble in shape the pinions of  
the condor. From this bird, indeed, the  
departed Mr. Felts received his inspiration  
to fly and his device for flying. The man  
of science described Mr. Felts as spending  
years lying on his back in the Andes watch-  
ing condors doing thousands of feet above  
abyssal valleys of storms and awesome  
canyons of the clouds. He related also that  
Mr. Felts has craned his neck watching  
flights of Professor Lilienthal in Germany  
and had felt the weight of forty centuries  
looking down upon him as he saw M.  
Ditreaux try to fly from the pyramids of  
Egypt.

Then the scientist of the thermometer  
told how Felts had lived on the summit  
of Pike's Peak since March, how earnest  
he had been in his work upon his soaring  
machine, the result of years of study of  
flights of birds and of imagination; and he  
told how Felts expected to soar over to  
Colorado Springs, a distance of five miles  
and a descent of 4,000 feet, crossing the  
abyssal Valley of the Storms and possible  
passing between Gog and Magog, "those  
stupendous sentinels that keep stolid vigil  
over the treasure of the mountains," as the  
professor described them.  
Meanwhile the people listening to this  
lecture displayed some interest in Felts  
and some anxiety as to his fate. Felts is  
a man of middle age, and a commission  
merchant. He has served in the army. He  
lived for a time in Western Nebraska,  
where he studied law. Nebraska was his  
home before he moved to Colorado. He is  
the author of several books and is a stu-  
dent and philosopher. But he cannot fly.

## A PRIEST LOCKED UP.

Father Griffiths, of This City, Mistaken  
for a Law Breaker at  
Cape May.

Cape May, N. J., Aug. 15.—Rev. Father  
F. A. N. Griffiths, assistant rector of St.  
Columb's Roman Catholic Church, New  
York City, who is a guest at a leading ho-  
tel in this city, with his brother, William  
N. Griffiths, the actor, was arrested by  
mistake at 4 o'clock on Saturday morning  
and was kept in the city prison for five  
hours.

A disturbance had occurred in the hotel  
and the night watchman reported the un-  
der to the proprietor. A policeman was  
summoned to arrest the disturber. When  
the policeman arrived at the hotel the dis-  
turbance had ceased, but some one pointed  
out the room occupied by the priest as the  
one in which the man creating the distur-  
bance had taken refuge. The door, it is  
said, was broken open, and Father Grif-  
fiths, without explanation and protesting  
vigorously, was taken to jail.

When arraigned before the Mayor at 9  
a. m., he was discharged, the Mayor ex-  
pressing regret that the mistake had been  
made.

Henri of France Sur-  
cumbs to Turin's  
Greater Skill.

PIERCED IN THE ABDOM.

Combatants Shake Hands  
and Walk Off the Field  
of Honor.

FOUGHT 26 MINUTES.

All Italy Rejoices Ecstatically,  
While France Hails Henri  
as a Hero.

POLITICS IN THE FIGHT

Orleanist Saw in It an Opportunity for  
Laying the Foundation for a  
Genuine Napoleonic  
Coup.

By Raoul Duval.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)  
Paris, Aug. 15.—Prince Henri of Or-  
leans met Victor Emmanuel, the Count of  
Turin, this morning in the Bois de Mare-  
choux, at Vanvresan, and victory lay with  
the Italian.

It was the most notable duel that has oc-  
curred in this half of the century, involv-  
ing two notable personages of royal blood,  
and to the credit of both he it said, the  
fight was hotly and fairly contested. There

were fine assaults, and in the first the Ital-  
ian scored, striking his opponent on the  
right breast, but the skin was hardly  
broken, and all were eager to continue. In  
the third assault the Prince made things  
even by reaching the Count's right hand  
inflicting another wound that was deem-  
ed trifling, but in the fifth and last assau  
the duel came to an end, gloriously in the  
opinion of clubmen, by the Count of Turin  
wounding the Prince on the right side of  
the lower region of the abdomen. Both  
men, after shaking hands, walked off the  
field, neither appearing to suffer from the  
wounds inflicted.

The seconds of the Count of Turin were  
General Count Anagnardo di Quinto and  
Colonel Victor Palatreno. Prince Henri's  
seconds were Major de Leontief, Governor-  
General of the Equatorial Provinces of  
Abyssinia, and M. Raoul Mourichon.

In the gray light of early morning the  
royal representatives of France and Italy  
faced each other, and after twenty-six min-  
utes of fighting the Count of Turin was  
declared the victor.

## A Theatrical Stroke.

Now all France watches by the bedside of  
Prince Henri, while all Italy applauds the  
Count of Turin.

The former received two sword wounds  
one of which may be serious, while  
Count of Turin escaped with a scratch.

The real victory, however, is everywhere  
regarded as belonging to Prince Henri, and  
the duel is likely to have far-reaching con-  
sequences. He was playing to an immense  
audience. He is a pretender to the throne  
of France, and the fight that occurred to-  
day was a direct outgrowth of his schem-  
ing. He now announces that he aims at  
the foundation of an equatorial empire.

## Now for the Throne.

He has caught the eye of France. By  
this one dramatic act he has attained  
amazing popularity among the French  
people, ever fond of theatrical effects. The

## Rescue of Lillian Roeder, Who Was Caught by a Rock in a Rising Tide.

This young woman, of Jersey City, fell from a wharf and a heavy boulder rolled upon her foot, holding  
her as in a vise in four feet of water, with the tide coming in fast. Her brother buoyed her up until other  
help came. It was found necessary to break the girl's ankle to release her.

Continued on Page Four.